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Preaching may be compared to lightning, of which it is said there are three kinds—the flash, the zigzag, and the slant. The flash looks brilliant, lights up the sky, and people gaze at it in wonder. The zigzag is here, and there, and everywhere, darting from cloud to cloud without any apparent object or effect. But the slant sends the bolt right down to the earth and rives the gnarled oak, and is mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.—Enoch Pond, D.D.

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THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, March 12, 1903

THE SUPREMACY OF JESUS.

Jesus Christ is supreme. His name is above every name. He was before all things and in Him all things consist. His beginnings are to be sought for, not in the manger of Bethlehem, not even in the creative epoch when the morning stars sang together, but in the dateless eternity, when as Light of Light he antedated the world of time.

This faith—it is the faith of our fathers and our faith—had its genesis in events that took place in time. It came not ready-made; it grew. Jesus began at the bottom. He put forth no astounding claims at first; coming to His own, He gave His own the opportunity to find Him out for themselves. He chose the least honorific of titles—He called himself the "Son of Man." But He filled the title with a significance hitherto unknown; he did works that no other man had done, and in their argument He rested His case; He taught with an authority that evoked and mastered conscience, and with a tenderness that swept all the chords of feeling; He died, glorifying the cross that upbore Him; He conquered death, and in His triumph threw open to hope the gates of immortality.

The disciples hailed Jesus, before His death, as Messiah, and, after Pentecost, as God manifest in the flesh. They worshipped and proclaimed Him as both Lord (Jehovah) and Christ (Messiah). Their estimate was norm for the faith of after times. But what the earlier age postulated the later ages were called upon to test and approve. It took centuries for the Church to verify from experience and to formulate in balanced phrase the well rounded truth concerning her Lord; but His throne is the more immovable for the slowness of the process. The interpretation still goes on; we are learning ever some new thing about Him, grasping His larger meaning, recognizing His cosmic functions, finding in Him a clew to the infinite maze of material and spiritual phenomena, for He is all and in all. The supremacy of the transcendent and immanent Christ is the grandest and most distinctive contribution of the Christian centuries to the thought-capital of the race. All other thought is but accruing interest on this master idea.

The supremacy of Jesus is the unique feature of the religion which He established. Christianity is

not primarily the religion of a book, but of a person; there is a book, and the book is holy, but it serves its purpose only when it reveals to faith a personal Lord and Savior. Apart from the personality of its founder, Christianity would be nothing more than a system of ethics, more beautiful, perhaps, but no less arid than Confucianism. Jesus is more than a moral law-giver, He is a spiritual life-giver; He is the author and finisher of faith. Except there be an infusion of moral power from Him, except we rely upon His grace for impulse and quickening, we cannot approximate in experience the ideal set forth in His teachings. Therefore we do not contrast other religions with Christianity, but with Christianity plus Christ. We may think of Buddhism apart from Buddha and of Confucianism apart from Confucius, for in both the devotees work out their own destiny by obeying the precepts of the teacher; it is salvation by regimen, not salvation by grace through a person who lives in them, redeems, inspires, moulds and perfects them after the image of His moral loveliness. But the heart of Christianity is the living and life-giving Christ.

Not for Christianity alone is Christ supreme, but for the whole world as well. He is the light that lighteth every man. His biography is interleaved with the history of mankind. As Dr. Fairburn truly says: "The very essence of the matter is that the Gospels do not stand alone, but live, as it were, embosomed in universal history. And in that history Christ plays a part much more remarkable and much less compatible with common manhood than the part Jesus plays in the history of His own age and people. And we have not solved, or even apprehended, any one of the problems connected with His person until we have resolved the mystery of the place He has filled and the things He has achieved in the collective life of man."

While men stand hesitating whether to call Him divine, Jesus Christ is ever revealing His marvellous power in some new quarter, operating over wide areas, influencing multitudes of men, constraining them to own His moral sway, disturbing or quieting them as the wind ruffles or soothes the ocean's bosom. While we argue, He works; and while we acutely reason

away His divinity and reduce Him to the proportions of a mere man, He suddenly appears again at the top, lustrous and regal, crowned not more conspicuously with the authority that He claims than with the reverent homage which men freely bestow upon Him, in the full exercise of their reason and with the passion of a quenchless love.

The Religious World.

It is said that the Central Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago has in its membership more young men who are Roman Catholics than it has of those who are Protestant. More than two thousand young men go to the building each day.

A writer in the Pacific Baptist says that in listening to a half dozen sermons recently by a half dozen different preachers, the phrase, "According to the best scholarship," was heard from one to three times in each; also the expression, "The foremost scholars are agreed that." In only one sermon occurred the expression, "According to the Scriptures."

The revival meetings which have resulted in the largest number of conversions during recent months were those at Marion, Ohio, the number reported being 1,100. Next in order come Beloit, Wisconsin, with 500; Osceola, Iowa, with 412; Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and Huntington, Indiana, with 400 each; and Jackson and Big Rapids, Michigan, with 350 each.

Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard addressed the New York Presbyterian Union last week, and said, among other things, that the new Christianity calls for an enlarged conception of Christian life. He declared that a great need of the day was a trust in churches—a combination that will suppress small competition. The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong gave an address the same evening, and emphasized the necessity of obeying the second great commandment if the church was to fulfill its mission. "A man must love his neighbor as himself if he loves God," said Dr. Strong. "Social Service" was his subject, and to the bringing of the church to such a service Dr. Strong is giving himself with all the intensity of his nature.

In a recent address at Edinburgh, Scotland, the Rev. Dr. D. A. Torrey said that he had been pastor of four different churches—all of them very different—and that he had never had a church that did not double its membership in a few years. The secret of this, he said, was that he trained the members to work. Speaking of his Chicago church he said: "My church today has 1,800 members. Each section has a superintendent, who has under him, or her, workers. Every pew has a Christian worker in it. Wherever a man or woman sits down, within easy reach there is another man or woman who knows how to use the Bible to bring a soul to Christ. As soon as I am done preaching the net is complete, and the stranger is caught. Suppose a man does not like what I say and gets up to go out, no better thing could happen. No sooner is he outside than one of my workers has a call also to go into the street. He follows the man, opens a conversation, and before the man knows he is being led to Christ.

General Booth had quite an ovation in New York the evening before his departure for England. When

he was introduced by Judge McLean there was an outburst of cheering which continued for more than five minutes. The General spoke for two hours that evening. Among the messages received by him on the eve of his departure was one from President Roosevelt, who, wishing him continued success in his work, told of the pleasure he had had in having him dine with him at the White House. There were letters of farewell from Senators, Frye, Hoar and Clapp; from Speaker Henderson, and from Governors Odell of New York and Nash of Ohio. A striking feature of the exercises that evening was "the trooping of the colors." Groups of men and women dressed in the costumes and carrying the flags of all the countries in which the Salvation Army is working appeared on the platform and gave homage to the beloved leader in that assemblage of four thousand people. All the world recognizes in General Booth a remarkable man, one who has done and is still doing a wonderful service for mankind, and so all delight in honoring him.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago contemplates keeping its building open all night. It is said that hundreds of the night workers do not go to their homes and to their beds immediately at the close of their work, but that they seek some form of recreation as the day workers do at the close of their day's work. If five hundred young men are willing to pay twelve dollars a year each for the privilege, the Association building will be open to them at all hours of the night and in the early morning. Last week three hundred and fifty had signed to that end. This is a most excellent plan for the young men who are able to pay the twelve dollars. But what as to the many who are scarcely able to do that or are not attracted thereby? The all-night saloons and gambling houses and other questionable places will continue as a strong temptation to them and will get not a few of them. Evidently there is need in Chicago, in New York, in San Francisco and in every large city throughout the country some organization of a different grade from that of the Y. M. C. A., which will reach out after and influence for the better a class of young men not reached thereby.

When Dr. Parker, the noted London preacher, passed away a few months ago, it was feared that it would be extremely difficult to fill his place in the City Temple. But one has been found who seems to more than fill it. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, who has been preaching there for some time and who was called last week to the permanent work, has been having larger congregations than Dr. Parker had. A London correspondent of the Christian Evangelist writes concerning him: "It is felt that this young preacher is likely to be recognized as the greatest living pulpit power in the world. Campbell, of Brighton, is altogether different from the understood type of popular preacher. He is not given to any amount of rhetorical declamation. He is a linguist, a great reader, a fine Oxford scholar, a man of all-round culture, a profound philosophical thinker, a perfectly encyclopedic referee as to the poets, and a genuine mystic. He is a simple talker, his diction being that of the common people and the man in the street; but his processes of thought are exceedingly elaborate. Here is a man such as this generation has not previously seen. I heard Beecher preach a few times in his latter years, and I regard Campbell as Beecher revived. This comparison does not seem to have occurred to any of the critics, and therefore it may be thereby fanciful on my part."

It is said for every Protestant church erected in the city of New York during the last few years there has been a loss of an existing church. For the Presbyterians there has been a greater loss. In 1890 they had fifty-six churches in Manhattan and the Bronx. In 1900 the number had decreased to fifty-two, notwithstanding the fact that there had been an increase of thirty-three per cent. of population. Now the Presbytery of New York plans for the betterment of the conditions by an effort to remove the indebtedness on all the existing churches and by an expenditure of at least \$500,000 in founding three new organizations. The New York Sun states that one is to be just north of Central Park in Harlem where the Calvary church went to pieces a few years ago. It is said that the committee of the Presbytery having the matter in charge estimates that \$200,000 will be needed to establish the Harlem church. We do not have the details of this movement, but as it appears from statements in New York papers, it looks business-like; and if churches are to be so established as to live and do good work, business methods must be adopted in establishing them. As much wisdom should be exercised in the selection of a site as is exercised in selecting a location for a business enterprise; and enough money must be put into them at once to insure more than a struggling existence.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Sacajawea.

"Sacajawea, the little Bird-woman, could not wait. In her anxiety she begged to walk ahead along shore, and with her husband went dancing up the rivulet of her childhood. She flew ahead, she turned pirouetting lightly on her beaded moccasins, waving her arms and kissing her fingers. Her long hair flew in the wind and her beaded necklace sparkled."

Every visitor to the coming Coast Congress at Seattle, May 8-17, will have a special interest in reading the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition, which left St. Louis in 1804, and passing over the mountains to the headwaters of the Columbia, reached the Pacific Coast, returning in 1806.

This brilliant plan of the great and far-sighted President Jefferson has been written of most attractively and satisfactorily by Eva Emery Dye of Oregon City, Oregon, and printed in a good \$1.50 net book A. G. McClurg & Company of Chicago. One wonders how the heroic pioneers were guided. The quotation from the story of the Indian captive girl gives interesting hint of the marked providence in behalf of the brave pioneers. The gifted authoress ought to write an additional monograph concerning this fair Indian girl and guide, and make her rival Pocahontas of Virginia.

For one impatient of the western part of the story the preliminary accounts of Lewis and Clark may seem a trifle long, but like the best class of novels this history grows more interesting to the end. It is a live and wholesome book our Oregon authoress has given us, and we shall turn to her other book, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," with keenest expectation. The same Chicago firm publish this. If these books had been planned to precede the Seattle Congress and the Portland Anniversary they could not have been more timely. Please, inspired authoress of Oregon,

give us the completest story possible from your studies of the lovely Indian maiden, Sacajawea. I cannot call her name handsome, but you have brought a charming individuality to notice in a very useful book.

Fourth Saratoga Blossom Festival.

Again is our charming valley taking on its colors of spring beauty.

The almonds have led the flowery way. The golden acacias are swinging rich bouquets in air. Horticulturists prophecy unwonted acres of poppies. Grains are luxuriant after abundant rains. Grateful cattle wade knee deep in alfalfa. Peaches and apricots will glorify the coming Sabbaths. The prune buds are swelling. Have they a soul? Is there response to our praise and appreciation? They take their place modestly in California literature. They do not supplant Riverside orange buds or Santa Barbara and Santa Rosa roses. They supplement them. A bright young Ohio banker told me the other day that blossom literature had brought him from Arizona to Santa Clara County and to Saratoga. One likes to add even one worthy citizen to a noble State. Saratoga is getting ready for her guests. We cannot name the day for a fortnight, but the papers and the Southern Pacific posters will tell you. Watch them. Tell your friends. The rates will be as before. Trust the Saratoga ladies for a dinner. Lunch baskets will let you eat out doors, and coffee and soda will make very small demands on your purse. Indeed, the soda runs freely. Come, friends, and have a free thanksgiving picnic; old friends come again, bring new friends and a new song. The children will greet you with bouquets and blossoms. It seems as if there would be a billion billion blossoms. What little scholar will count one handful, estimate a tree full and tell us the sum of them after learning from the tax collector how many prune trees are taxed in Santa Clara county?

The Shadow Rum Makes.

A shadow is on all our hearts which white blossoms do not remove. We are the unwilling prisoners of the whisky ring. We want to raise fruits, flowers, friends, but not drunkards. Yet our supervisors, in the face of 85 per cent. of taxpayers and 75 per cent. of voters protesting, have put three saloons in our midst to defy a liberty-loving and law-obeying people. They have treated Palo Alto in the same way. They petitioned against a corrupting saloon on the road to Mayfield. San Jose friends joined the petition. Boys were beguiled from their studies. Discipline was made more difficult. We let rum soakers soak where there are a majority. How they would howl if we hindered. But these un-American Americans chain us at the bidding of the whisky ring. I do not see how our supervisors can look each other in the face. They are doing their level best to destroy McKinley's and Lincoln's country. They do not deserve the name of American. Copy this in your saloon paper, gentlemen tyrants, and remember a day of reckoning with God and just men comes on apace.

Our country is resourceful. We send missionaries and rum to Africa, missionaries and guns to China, and now we are told that along with the missionaries to Korea we send idols of our own superior manufacture, for use in Buddhist temples there. We have become all things to all men, but hardly in the apostolic sense.

THE SUPREME MOTIVE.

Rev. F. B. Perkins.

There are various aspects in which the Home Missionary work of the Congregational Churches of California may be regarded, each of them furnishing valid arguments for an appeal for Christian sympathy and co-operation.

Obedience to a specific command of our acknowledged Master is such a motive. Even if standing alone it would be sufficient. "All authority is committed unto Me," says Jesus, "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel." California, as a part of the world, falls within His domain. His command, than which there is none more explicit or authoritative, bears as directly upon this field as upon China. There is no obligation more binding than this.

Philanthropy, a kindly Christian regard for our fellow-men, as God's children, emphasizes the obligation. Whether denizens of our cities, dwellers in hamlets, or occupants of cottages or cabins in districts remote from social centers, the people of California appeal to every humane, not to say Christian, instinct.

An enlarged patriotism, or State pride comes in to reinforce the appeal. As loyal citizens we must of course desire to see California take an honored place in the sisterhood of States, a place commensurate with its unsurpassed natural advantages and its providential history. We are rightly ambitious that it shall exert its due influence in the counsels of the nation and manfully bear its part in the expanding life of the world. That result cannot be secured without the co-operation of Christian churches. They supply precisely those elements of spiritual life without which all other agencies are insufficient. And the specific office of the Congregational Home Missionary Society is to bear our part in planting and encouraging these essential institutions, amid unfavorable surroundings. Experience indeed shows that but for the timely aid thus afforded churches would be few and feeble, and their influence upon communities altogether inadequate. California owes its phenomenal growth and prosperity largely to the consecrated energy of those whose Christian foresight has secured for it these essential institutions of a Christian State.

Self-preservation emphasizes the appeal of civic ambition. For a Godless State is of necessity unhealthy, rotten at the heart, unwise as to action, deceptive and short-lived as to its prosperity, constantly tending to barbarism and ruin. History, past and current, testifies to this with unmistakable distinctness. Our churches are our strongest defence against an inflowing tide of heathenism from country to city. They are the healing branch thrown into the tainted waters of civic life. And the organizations which embody and utilize these redemptive forces are entitled to the sympathy and support of all good citizens.

These which have been mentioned are all worthy motives. Each one of them voices a valid appeal. As a matter of fact each one of them must be emphasized in securing the co-operation of different individuals. But one and all they are incomplete without another, which is at once their underlying foundation and the keystone of the arch. That motive is, as Christ Himself has phrased it, "For my sake and the gospel's;" in other words the constraint of personal devotion to the loving Lord, and passionate sympathy with His as yet unfulfilled desires. It is the only motive which is adequate to the task, all embracing, continuously active, at once superior to, and the inspira-

tion of, every other. Its possessor is lifted at once above the range of formal precept or worldly prudence. "Ye are not under law, but under grace." It sublimates obligation. It becomes itself an original fountain of law, whence issues a new commandment.

Service, even the most arduous and self-sacrificing, is elevated to the sphere of grace, of privilege, when the vision of the beloved Master fixes the eye and thrills the soul. It is the great point to be striven for.

The key to the situation is fellowship with Christ. The true missionary view-point is by His side. Standing there we look out upon every scene through His eyes. The field is the world. The common distinctions of "home" and "foreign" are obliterated. Whether it be individual men or communities, the near or the far, we see in them just what Jesus saw, our brother men, because first of all children of our Heavenly Father, whom the love of Christ has dignified, and over whom He yearns with passionate desire for their full redemption. Through the glass of an inspired imagination we behold not only what is, but the brighter scene which shall be, not merely the salvation of a remnant, but the recovery of the race, the realization of the picture drawn for us by an apostle, redeemed humanity in all its activities, a holy people gathered about their benignant Sovereign, a city from which everything evil and unbrotherly is banished, and only piety and fraternity are at home.

Standing there we realize the great truth of God's dependence upon the redeemed men in carrying out His gracious plans; the importance of even the least and the weakest to the success of His work; His knowledge and appreciation, too, of any service rendered. There is the motive, supreme, germinant, all inclusive, the perennial spring of a deathless ambition to lay some gift, however small, before our beloved Master, to fill up, by however little, that which still remains behind of His sufferings, and to contribute at least a mite toward the consummation, when upon His head shall be placed the crown of a ransomed world.

In this we find the supreme motive to missionary zeal, and the secret of most effective service.

John Brisben Walker, the editor of "The Cosmopolitan," asks what a man with a thousand million dollars at command (and it is believed by many well-advised persons that John D. Rockefeller controls that much money), can do if "he should resolve to take over the empire which attaches to such wealth;" and he answers the question by saying that he would be able to control the banks and railways of the country, the leading newspapers and the great industries, the commercial agencies and the churches, the influential orators and lawyers, and have two hundred millions left with which to regulate monetary affairs, "bulling" or "bearing" the stock market as he pleased. But when we are getting ready to be properly afraid for the future of our country, Mr. Walker relieves our fears, for he says, "Personally, I have no fear for the country. Education is so rapidly developing the American mind that ideals are every day becoming higher. No man or set of men may stand in the path of this progress toward the highest form of republican institutions. There will be at all times enough men ready to step to the front and say, 'No,' in words that will carry across the continent." Sharing this belief, we still say "In God we trust." The time will never come when we must say, "Our God is The Trust."

"SCATTERED SHOTS."

By Tiglath Pilezer.

A Home Missionary pastor in the mountains has many amusing and curious stories told him. Some time since I had to go to S—— to attend a funeral. S—— is only twenty-five miles distant, but it takes from eight to ten hours to make it. Just now it takes much longer, as the mail-carrier still has to snowshoe over. You in the lower country would have been interested in seeing the pack-train start out the other week, mules as well as men receiving snowshoes! And very expert the animals are; too.

Well, after the funeral services I was sitting on the hotel porch talking with an old pioneer, and he told me about their first stage. He had crossed the plains in the early '50s, and had lived at S—— for over two score years. No wagon road at that time came within miles of the Bar. But they had, even in those early days, their "Sunset Limited;" a train of from thirty to fifty musical mules. Young men and women born in there had never seen a wagon or buggy, much less a railroad train. When the first stage went in there a few years ago it was better "nor a circus." The largest crowd S—— had seen in years gathered to see the show. They had heard of wagons, their parents had crossed the plains in the "Prairie Schooners," but none of the younger generation had seen one. They came from fifteen and twenty miles around. Each little gulch and canyon contributing its share. Suddenly a cloud of dust was seen far up the winding road, and soon the stage with its six horses came whirling into view. A cheer was started, but it soon changed into a sigh of wonder and admiration. Quickly the horses were unhitched, and the peculiar machine was handled, petted, looked at, and examined on all sides, top and bottom, some even getting down in the dust to examine it the better. The wheels were taken off, and for two or three hours the young folks went nearly wild over the wonder.

* * * *

Soon after the advent of the wagon the telephone and telegraph made its appearance. A party came out from S—— on the stage, among them a young lady then in her teens. She lived up one of the gulches, and had not heard of the telephone. As they neared this place she noticed the poles and the wires up in the air. Finally she could not stand it any longer, and turning to her mother said: "Say, Ma, these folks out here must be crazy. Why in the world do they hang their clothes' lines so high up? I can't see how they ever reach them!" The lady herself joins in the laugh now.

* * * *

A story to match the above was told me of a young man who wanted to prove to his father that he knew enough to vote intelligently at the last Presidential election. It was his first vote, by the by. In reply to his father's questioning he said: "Well, I'm sure Australia and Canada will go Republican, but I'm skeery about Mexico!"

* * * *

Brethren, do you think there is no call for Home Missions here in California? The people in these remote places are hungry for the gospel, but there is no one to go. Many of the people are cultured Eastern people whom the exigences of life have brought to the gold mines of the West. Some of them college bred, but practically exiled and in an alien land. Some faithful to early training, many overcome by the tremend-

ous influences surrounding a mining camp. But underneath every rough exterior a broad vein of the true gold of sympathy. Some time soon, if our genial editor will permit me, I want to tell of a touching scene of a miner's death, which I recently heard.

THE DENOMINATIONAL PAPER.

At a recent meeting of Baptists in the East, the following and very important and suggestive thoughts were presented concerning the denominational paper:

"The denominational paper brings us into touch with one another, without it we were without any means of knowing that we belong to a denomination at all; that there is any great body of believers of like faith with us. We are like men in the dark, who have no means of knowing that they are surrounded by friends. The denominational paper is a voice calling to us in the night, and telling us that we are not alone, that a multitude of friends is about us and exhorting us to come together and keep in touch, to march hand in hand. It is the denominational paper that opens our eyes to see that we are not alone in the midst of enemies, but that all about us, standing shoulder to shoulder with us for the truth, are the hosts of God.

"The denominational paper is a unifying force, in that it keeps us informed of denominational progress. There is no other agency that performs this service. You might read our great dailies for a year without knowing that a new church had been organized, or one soul led into the Christian life. You might remain ignorant of the fact that there was any progress being made by the kingdom of God anywhere beyond the limits of your own congregation. If your own church was languishing you might easily believe that the divine kingdom was perishing. It is the denominational paper that brings home to you the fact that you belong to a grand army of conquest, that you are keeping step with millions of fellow-soldiers to the music of the Gospel. The denominational paper is a unifying force in encouraging to and leading in united effort. It has taught and encouraged the pastors. It has informed and inspired the churches. It has been the friend of all missionary societies. It is no less a force in harmonizing denominational views and policies. Other influences have worked to the same end, but we cannot deny the service our denominational paper has rendered in establishing our people in the truth, and making out of thousands of widely scattered churches and hundreds of thousands of widely scattered believers a united denomination.

"It is a criminal breach of the golden rule when we pastors fail to interest our people in securing the paper.

"The test of denominational efficiency is the support given to the religious newspapers. The denomination which inadequately sustains the religious paper—and by this I mean the paper that properly represents it—will not make a large contribution to the progress of the kingdom of God. I believe that we pastors need to feel more than we do the value of the religious paper in our work. The religious newspaper creates a denominational *esprit de corps*, which is essential to growth and permanency. It helps to lay foundations, to form right views of truth, and to secure results upon which the future of the denomination depends. So I think we may say that the life of a denomination may be fairly judged by the character and strength of its press."

A child-labor law is needed in California. Let the demand for it be made by all humane citizens,

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN JAPAN.

By Sidney L. Gulick.

Although we are accustomed to speak and to think of Japan as now ready if not eager to hear the gospel, yet a recent occurrence suggests how easily the present attitude may be changed to one of keen or even bitter opposition. As our experience of the past month will help us to appreciate the real religious situation in Japan today, it may be worth while to record with some degree of care what has taken place.

Let me begin with the remark that Marugame is a town in the vicinity of Kōpira, one of the three most famous shrines of Japan, which 900,000 pilgrims are said to visit annually. Kōho Daishi (Kōho "the great teacher"), founder of the popular Shingon sect of Japanese Buddhism, lived in this vicinity 1,000 years ago, and has long been venerated as a mighty deity. Marugame is famed for its religiosity, superstition, immorality and general belatedness as compared with the rest of Japan.

Christian work has been carried on here for twenty years or more, but with little effect. We have a few faithful Christians, mostly from other places. But in the large majority of cases those who have been Christians elsewhere do not let that fact be known on coming to Marugame. Were they all to take a bold stand and ally themselves with us we should have quite a church. On account of the popular opposition, for many years it was impossible for us to rent a preaching place. By a piece of good fortune three years ago, however, we were able to secure a commodious and central place. Here for three years our meetings have been regularly maintained; yet the audiences have been very small, not more than six or eight persons attending in the mornings, all Christians, and perhaps from fifteen to twenty in the evenings. Special occasions might bring together something of a crowd, but such occasions have been rare. When special theatre meetings have been held and the best speakers in the Kumiai body have been secured, noisy opposition has rendered the speaking almost inaudible.

On January 4th of this year Mr. Kimura, who has done some quite effective work in other places, began a series of three meetings in Marugame. The first two meetings were fairly successful, some fifteen persons raising their hands at the after-meetings, indicating their desire to become Christians. This fact, much exaggerated, was reported to the Buddhists, together with the sarcastic criticisms made by the speaker on current Buddhist superstitious practices, such as the worshipping of Buddha's bones, some of which have recently been brought from Siam to Japan with great pomp and at great expense. The report was circulated that the Christians were gaining many adherents, and that unless the Buddhists should develop a counter movement Buddhism in Marugame would be utterly destroyed. They accordingly came in force the third night, and by tumultuous shouting made it impossible to accomplish anything. That last meeting was a failure.

But the Buddhists wished to demolish Christianity by logic as well as by bare shouting. They accordingly asked Mr. Takahashi, the resident evangelist, whether he would have a public discussion with them; he replied that he would be willing to answer any questions that they might put to him after his regular sermon. They accordingly came in force on the following Sunday evening, 200 or more crowding in,

The discussion lasted about five hours, the palm of victory being assigned by many to Mr. Takahashi. Impartial hearers were much disgusted by the methods and arguments of the Buddhists, and correspondingly impressed with Mr. Takahashi's statements, some of them afterward expressing the intention of studying Christianity. This unexpected result of the discussion still further enraged the Buddhists. On the following Sunday (January 18th) they accordingly came in force, determined this time that no preaching should be heard. It so happened that I was there and spoke that evening. The Buddhists said that I had been brought in on purpose by Mr. Takahashi because he had felt himself defeated the previous week. The crowd gathered early and gradually increased until there must have been nearly if not quite 300 present. During Mr. Takahashi's sermon their plan was to keep up continual loud talking so that his voice could not be heard. I doubt if a score of people heard a half of his address. I admired the way he kept on. As I wished to be heard, I proposed a hymn, to which I played an accompaniment. As the majority had never heard such a thing before, perfect silence was instantly secured. Knowing that the sermon I had prepared on the Kingdom of God would not have the slightest effect on the antipathetic crowd before me. I changed my subject and began speaking of the great differences between different peoples, and how strange they seem to each other. I spoke of some curious customs, Occidental and Oriental, getting the audience into a laugh. I then began to contrast the Western idea of God to the Japanese, all listening intently and with apparent satisfaction to what I was saying. I was following a line of thought I have used successfully in many theatre meetings when other speakers failed completely to hold the audience. On this occasion the ringleaders saw that unless they did something immediately I would succeed in giving the people a good idea of the Christian conception of God; they accordingly began to yell; I had made the statement that I had not yet found a shrine where the ultimate, supreme Japanese deity is worshipped, shrines innumerable being dedicated to lesser and dependent deities; we in the West worship only the Supreme Being as God.

Forcing their way up from the very rear through the closely packed rooms, three or four fellows came right up beside me, one putting his face to within two or three inches of mine, shouting fiercely that I must stop preaching such insults; they would not allow me to delude the people any longer. The chief Japanese deity, Ame-no-mi-naka-nushi-no-Kami, is worshipped, they shouted; when I asked where, they declined to tell. Addressing the crowd, one man said he would not tell that "hairy foreigner," but that in a few days he would give a lecture on the subject and tell them all about it, as though they need information on that subject! Half a dozen men would ply me with questions, and whenever I attempted to make a reply a score of yells would drown my voice completely. I said I wished to make my meaning plain. A dozen replied that they did not wish to have it made plain; they did not wish to hear me further; when I said they might go home and let those hear who wished to, they said they would not let any one hear me. Although the law forbids the breaking up of meetings by rowdies, and although two policemen were present, they did nothing but smilingly tell the people to sit down.

This tumult continued some fifteen or twenty

minutes, when for some reason the speaker's table, on which the lamp stood, was roughly jostled. Fearing the lamp might fall and set us on fire, I seized it and handed it to a man in the rear, who thoughtlessly carried it off, leaving us in the dark. That was the rowdies' chance. They stood up and began to push; fusuma and shoji were smashed, hibachi upset and broken, and in the midst of the row some one threw a stick two inches in diameter and three feet long at Mr. Takahashi, hitting him on the head. Fortunately it struck only a glancing blow on the forehead, doing no serious damage, though the swelling which rose in ten minutes was as big as a small hen's egg.

Soon the lamp came back and the police required the people to sit down. The leader of the opposition said to me in the most insulting language, "You being only a hairy foreigner, we forgive, but this Takahashi, being a Japanese, we have some questions to ask him." After a little more tumultuous talk Mr. Takahashi announced that the meeting was closed, whereupon the rowdies raised a derisive shout of victory and slowly dispersed, although quite a large crowd hung around the door for over an hour. Shortly after closing a group of thirty or forty men came back into the preaching place with the proposition that Mr. Takahashi hold a public discussion with them in the theatre, the audience to judge as the result. In case judgment be given adverse to Christianity then Mr. Takahashi should agree to leave the city. He replied that as the question was an important one he would think it over and reply on the following day. The leaders of this rowdy gang declare that they are going to drive Mr. Takahashi out. It is accordingly a very inopportune time for him to leave for Kumamoto, as he has already agreed to do. I therefore went promptly from Marugame to Osaka, saw Mr. Osada, President of the Japanese Home Missionary Society, and arranged to have Mr. Takahashi stay on two months longer. We are also planning for a series of special meetings, for, thanks to the advertisement given us by our Buddhist friends, many people are now ready to listen to what we have to say, being quite disgusted with Buddhist tactics.

Under the advice, and with the help of Mr. Osada, I have written a letter to the Governor of Kagawa Prefecture, telling of the row described above, and asking if it will not be possible for the police to preserve better order in the future.

In closing I would note that although we are accustomed to speak of the Japanese as being now much interested in Christianity, the real fact is that the numbers of those thus interested, in proportion to the whole population, is very small. All the Protestant Christians do not number 40,000 active church members. If we should make an exceedingly liberal estimate of all Greeks, Roman Catholics and Protestants with their adherents, and everybody having only a slight interest in studying Christianity, I doubt if we should reach the half-million mark. What are they among Japan's 45,000,000, or even in comparison with the twenty or thirty million who are still very largely under the influence of popular and superstitious Buddhism? In case some event should suddenly stir the emotions of the masses and a resolute, reckless and resourceful leader should arise and take advantage of it to attack the Christian community, we might find ourselves for a short time in a position of no little peril.

In the sixteenth century Christianity had gained a much larger proportion of the people, and particu-

larly of the ruling class, than it now has; it is believed that the Christians numbered about a million out of a population of say twenty million, and among them were scores of men and women of the highest social and political rank. Yet they were successfully exterminated. I do not think any such overwhelming calamity can overtake the Christians of Japan in this century, nor even such an one as the recent Boxer uprising in China. Japan is too completely open to the world. Still it is by no means unlikely that we may have occasional mutterings of Buddhist discontent and opposition. It may even break out into riot and bloodshed before the police can control it. The complete triumph of Christian truth in Japan, and even readiness on the part of all the people to hear it preached must still be waited and prayed for for many decades and possibly for centuries.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

THE QUARTERLY MEETING.

A heavy rain on the 4th of March kept many away from the quarterly meeting of the W. B. M. P. The ladies of the Third church, S. F., made their usual ample and delightful plans for a large gathering, but there were only forty-five at lunch. The hymn, "Fly Abroad Thou Mighty Gospel," opened the morning session, followed by prayer and a reading of a portion of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, and Paul's prayer for the Ephesians. Mrs. Peck remarked that the compelling motive of the heathen was fear of the Jew, conscience of the Christian love.

The Secretary read the notes of the December meeting, and the Treasurer reported on hand \$2,381.83.

Mrs. Jewett told of a new worker, Miss Edith Legge, who wishes to join Miss Denton in her work in the Girl's School in the Doshisha. Miss Legge's father was a missionary for a few years, then became known as a scholar in the Chinese Classics, publishing several volumes and finally was professor of Chinese in Oxford, England. She will go at her own charge the first year.

Mrs. Farnam's report was read by Mrs. Wilcox. She has received letters from Miss Denton and Miss Hartwell and a journal from Miss Wilson, running up to December, 1902. Also from Mr. Dorward, and an account of her work at Broosa from Mrs. Baldwin.

Reports from Home Secretaries followed. Mrs. Bradley had received a number of answers, not all encouraging. Mrs. Wilcox had many, generally hopeful. One church will give twice as much as asked for. Our library No. 1 has gone to Lincoln, and the ladies are much delighted with the books. Another box will be fitted up as soon as any auxiliary wishes for it.

Mrs. Jones reported many requests for literature, and Miss Piper wrote twenty-nine letters for the Cradle Roll.

A paper on "Current Events," written by Mrs. Scudder, was read by Mrs. Barber. It was packed full of interesting things.

After lunch, prayer was offered by Rev. E. S. Williams. Dr. Peck writes of finding one Chinese official reading the Bible. He said it solved some problems of life for him.

Mr. Williams expressed his pleasure at being present, and said that the Blossom Festival at Saratoga would be about the 1st of April.

Dr. Rader greeted the Board in his usual happy manner,

Dr. Fuller, President of Anitab' College, Turkey, was introduced. He spoke of the sense of great contrast when he stands before an American audience. It is more than fifty years since work opened in Turkey, and it met with religious, social and government opposition. It seemed as if massacres would finish the church, but the missionaries were brought very near the people in their sympathies. He had been invited to preach in the great Cathedral to 4,000 or 5,000 people. There has been a wonderful revival in the college and church. The simple truth of the Gospel will overturn society and is capable of doing the same among the Mohammedans.

Mrs. R. C. Brooks very kindly sang "If I were a Voice." A collection was taken. Then Mrs. Cruzan was introduced and spoke of the present condition of work in the Hawaiian Islands. In eighty years the missionaries have given them homes, religion, literature, a standard of morality, churches and high ideals.

After a few concluding remarks from Mrs. Peck, the meeting adjourned.

Mrs. S. F. Bufford,
Recording Secretary.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SGUDDER.

Lesson 12. March 22, 1903.

Paul's Message to the Ephesians.

Sin and Salvation is the theme of these verses.

1. The need of salvation (vs. 1, 2).

Can a man be dead and alive at the same time? Actually, no; practically, yes. It is no uncommon thing to see a hypnotist exercise his powers upon a man so that he neither sees, hears, or feels. He is entirely oblivious to the flight of time, to the circumstances going on around him, to necessity of food, even to waking up. He is practically dead to the world. But he is intensely alive to the powers of the hypnotist, walking, speaking, acting, doing even the ordinarily impossible, according to the directions of the one under whose influence he has passed. The analogy need not be carried into detail here. The twofold condition is well set forth by the apostle. The soul not quickened by Christ is dead to spiritual things. It neither sees spiritual truth, hears spiritual commands, eats spiritual food, nor cares for spiritual things. On the other hand it is intensely alive to some influences. It walks according to the currents of the world; it listens to the chief voice in the worldly atmosphere; it obeys the impulse working more visibly in those who are openly disobedient. Such an one may easily be termed, spiritually hypnotized, and if ever some one was needed to rouse the soul out of such a condition, it is the Christless soul. But we must not mistake this for a passive state. In this particular our analogy ceases. The activity of this soul directs itself against God, not perhaps consciously, but actually, hence that soul is in a terrible state. It is a child of wrath, not that God is full of wrath over it, but that it has allied itself with, and allowed itself to be governed by sin, which is the object of God's wrath, hence must share the same fate, and remain in the same relation to God that sin does. The wrath of our government, or the head of it, was against the sin of slavery, hating it, determining to demolish it, and preparing engines of destruction for it, and those who believed in it, allied themselves with it, took up arms against the government because of it, necessarily became as much objects of wrath as the sin itself. So long as they believed in

the sin they were doomed to the same end destined for slavery itself. That is the sinner's need of salvation.

2. The springs of salvation.

As a river is fed by springs never failing, far up in the hills, so the springs of salvation are found in the character of God. Two such are here indicated:

(1) Divine mercy. There is much danger of forgetting that God's mercy is set over against the inexorable consequences of law and justice. The great emphasis placed in recent years upon the inviolability of law in the material realm seems not to have impressed itself upon us in relation to the spiritual. Nature in its rigidity under law is cruel enough simply because it is built like a machine. Any economy is two-sided, because what is found to result beneficially under normal conditions works precisely the other way when conditions are abnormal. So Paul says, "And the commandment which was unto life, this I found to be unto death, for sin, finding occasion, through the commandment, beguiled me, and through it slew me" (Rom. vii: 10, 11). If mercy is not exercised there is no hope. But mercy calls upon wisdom and power to avert the results of the economy, since we deal with a person behind the economy, and that person is God.

(2) Divine love. Wisdom may be brought to the aid of mercy and produce a plan, but in this instance the plan is of such a nature that love must provide that which will carry the plan to completion. Love provides the sacrifice of the Son of God! The apostle's adjectives are rightly chosen: "Rich in mercy"; "Great love wherewith he loved us." These springs never run dry.

(3) The greatness of salvation. Probably the greatest thing we know of is life. Certainly it is the most precious, and life is the bestowal of Christ in His salvation. And to magnify the greatness, Paul speaks of it as life from the dead (v. 4). This happens when the soul is united to Christ. Notice the analogy—resurrected as Jesus was, and seated with Him in newness of life as He was upon His ascension (v. 6). The description portrays a beginning here and a consummation in the future. Measure, therefore, life as we know it, at its best here, and cast your greatest imagination into it for the future, and you will not yet exhaust the greatness of this salvation.

(4) The gift of salvation. Twice the apostle speaks of being saved by "grace," adding, (v. 8) "it, i. e., our salvation, is the gift of God." Like all of God's gifts, it is—indispensable—like sunlight to the life of tree, beast, or man; cannot be produced by human agency—like gravity, which holds the earth in its place, and us on the earth; inestimable in value, yet unpurchasable, like the air so necessary to breathing, and so to our existence. Read Isa. lv, to get the additional fact that it is to be accepted, yet the conditions are really harder than if it could be bought or worked for.

(5) The design of salvation. (v. 10.)

In every creation of God there is a special as well as a general design. The flower was created to reproduce itself, but in so doing to give honey to the bee, or food to the cattle. The Christian is saved to glorify God in His perfected character, but also to render service to his Master. "Created * * * for good works," not saved by them. The analogy of the plant is close in this instance. Its creation is for fruit. That is the reason for its life, for all that ministers to its growth, for all that keeps it from destruction. There is no more credit due to a Christian for doing good works than to a pear tree for producing good pears.

The nature given it by the Creator enables it to produce just that kind. So all that are created in Christ Jesus have had that new spirit implanted which naturally produces good works. The pity of it is that we do not give full chance to it, but substitute so much of our own selfish life for it.

(6) The condition of salvation. (v. 8.) "Through faith." That is more than belief, it is receptivity. Through faith we receive the pardon, the promise, the new life, the Master Himself. It is at once the ear that receives the word, the eye that receives the vision, the heart that receives the life, the man that receives the Savior.

(7) The manifestation of salvation. (v. 7.)

The ruins of the great temples in Egypt show what the thought of their builders was. The beautiful obelisks stand as monuments of art and skill. The Christian is a temple and a monument, not perishable like these human-made structures, but immortal, to show God's grace, mercy, love and power in all the ages yet to come.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

(March 22nd.)

What Christ Teaches About Judging Others. Matt. vii:1-5.

Judgment in its last analysis is a prerogative of deity alone, and is therefore unbecoming in a creature. "There is One that judgest," and it is well usually for most of us to say, as did Christ once to the Pharisees, "I judge no man"—thus putting Himself for a moment on a level plane with every man. These remarks apply of course to absolute judgments, and do not refer to those rational and necessary estimates which we are constantly making, and must make, of persons and things each moment of every conscious hour. Our whole intellectual and moral life is busied with distinctions and discriminations, and all true knowledge and virtue depend upon them. Our Lord certainly did not intend to atrophy or palsy our powers when he said "Judge not." Nor did he propose to abolish the judicial branch of government, for on another occasion he said, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgments."

* * * *

The judgments referred to here are harsh and censorious judgments, which in our Lord's day, as in our own, his disciples have been all too prone. Christ's disciples are admonished not to think or speak uncharitably of one another. We are urged not to judge them finally at all lest judging them untruly we lay ourselves open to the judgments of God. This admonition is surely in the interest of love, the supreme interest of this wonderful sermon. What is more unlovely than a reproachful, fault-finding spirit? It is evidence of an un-Christian temper, and lays one open to the righteous condemnation of God. The apostle bids us to be "kindly affectioned one towards another with brotherly love." And yet how unkind to be expressing untoward and slighting, if not damaging and hurtful, judgments of our brothers' conduct. There are few tendencies of an unsanctified heart that are more divisive and occasion more trouble among friends and in churches and societies than this.

* * * *

Our Lord's adaptation of the old Jewish proverb

of the mote and the beam is a fine commentary on the topic. It is just because there is an unseen or an unapprehended beam of unsanctified character in us that we are unfit to speak even of the mote in others. "Only the good discern the good," while the evil projects itself and fastens upon others. We find that we look for and we look for what is in our mind's eye. This is the strength of the lines of Shelley, "to the pure all things are pure."

* * * *

The Mote and the Beam likewise suggest the relative estimates that we should place upon our own and our brothers' faults. Knowing our own hearts that they are deceitful and wicked, we will never minimize our sins; not knowing our brother's heart we will never magnify his. In all our opinions of others, whether uttered or unexpressed, it becomes us to remember that "mortal vision is a grievous bar to perfect judgment." Since we cannot see far into motives it is impossible for us to view deeds or even words in their true perspective. It is not only kind but wise, therefore, to put the best possible construction on our brother's conduct rather than the worst. We shall surely be nearer the right to see a mote than a beam.

* * * *

On the other hand it is safer to be severe with ourselves, for the instinct of self-protection and the interests of self-love are always sure to paint our conduct in flattering hues. We naturally excuse ourselves, and say "it is a little thing." It was Luther who said, "Every one who judges his neighbor has a huge beam in his eye, while he who is judged has only a tiny chip, and he is ten times as deserving of judgment and condemnation for having judged others." And Seneca, "Reflect that perhaps the fault of which you may complain may on examination be found in yourself." The Master went further, and said that one who judges others is a hypocrite; for, having a beam in his own eye, he seems only to be anxious to pull the mote out of his brother's eye. He is really glad it is there. And most of us have lived long enough with ourselves to know that we have to be on guard of this ugliest of beams all the day.

* * * *

Faithful dealing with our own thoughts is a needed discipline to fit us for helping others overcome theirs. The purified in heart have a finer vision and a more sympathetic heart than others, and are therefore better ready to perform that "best and most difficult office of Christian friendship." We are at best but blind leaders of the blind if we take not heed to ourselves, as Paul bade Timothy. As Christian Endeavorers, pledged to try and win our companions and friends to Christ, how important it is that we strive to be above reproach. That we deal bravely with the beams that dim our sight with the ice of sin that chills the heart, so that we may, be both Faithfuls and Greathearts to help our friends toward the celestial heights.

The Century for March contains an interesting article on "The Great Northwest," in which the writer says of Seattle: "No other American city that I know of gives such an impression of boundless activity, such a stir of enterprise and noise, as Seattle, such a determination to grow and be big."

Portland, Ore., stands fifth on the list of wheat exporting cities in the United States.

Church News.

Northern California.

Redwood.—We had Home Missionary Sunday on the 8th. The Rev. Ben F. Sargent of Berkeley gave an excellent sermon.

Berkeley, First.—The Rev. George B. Hatch has given notice of his intention of resigning as pastor at an early date. Mr. Hatch was given recently a leave of absence for three months and left at once for the East, where it is his intention to locate.

Etna.—The Ladies' Aid Society have just held a "Kaskaroni Social," clearing nearly \$70. They will apply the proceeds to clearing off a small debt and to painting the parsonage. The parsonage then, with the improvements made last year, will be a very pretty, comfortable little mountain villa. The pastor, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, recently invited the I. O. O. F. to an Odd Fellowship service. Between forty and fifty attended in a body. The church was crowded, many standing. Everyone was impressed and many personally thanked the pastor for what was said.

Oakland, First.—The new organ was opened to the public Thursday and Friday of last week, with the rendering of the Oratorio of the Messiah by a chorus of two hundred voices, assisted by the soloists of the church choir. The auditorium was crowded both evenings. The organ is eminently satisfactory.

Santa Cruz.—Ten persons were received into communion with the church Sunday, March 1st, all but one on confession of faith in Christ. The Preparatory Lecture the week before was largely attended. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had not been so largely attended for at least three years. The Sunday-school on the same day was the largest recorded for many years. The Christian Endeavor meeting on the same date touched a high-water mark in both attendance and spiritual interest. Our Junior Endeavor society of sixty members, and which meets Mondays, at the close of the day school, has an average attendance of forty-one and is winning souls for the Master. In our Bible class of young men, taught by Miss M. E. Morgan, there are thirty-two of as fine young men as were ever seen, and they are hard at work studying the "Heroes of the New Testament." A pastor who has never had such a class in his church, has not the slightest conception of the strength there is for him in it. You can tell what John meant when he wrote: "I write unto you young men because you are strong." I wish every pastor had such a class. To have the class, however, it is necessary to have a capable, consecrated Christian woman, like our Miss Morgan. J. R. K.

Fruitvale.—Mr. Wikoff was present on Sunday evening, March 8th, and gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on temples. The new Armory affords a fine place for such a lecture. Fruitvale is a strategic point for Congregationalism, and if the church here belonged to a military organization, this fort would be appreciated and taken advantage of. As it is, opportunities are slipping away, which will cause future hindrances and difficulties. The chapel is ideally located—just where a church should be for now and for all time, but its space is limited. It should own the corner lot adjoining, for sooner or later the chapel must be succeeded by a church. This lot is now offered at a special price for cash to the church, but for only a limited time. The

members are not able to buy it without outside aid, and just here is where a far-seeing military organization would come in to aid in securing this vantage ground. This opportunity lost means difficulty and change in the not far distant future, for the community is a growing one. The membership of the church is made up largely of young persons—a most hopeful feature—but they are not a financial power. The Congregational Body has back of it, or in it, the Church Extension Society and the Church Building Society. To this latter society the Fruitvale church owes much, and feels most grateful for it. Another pressing need at Fruitvale is a parsonage. This must be secured and at no distant day. A parsonage is an adjunct to a minister's salary and is of greater importance to a small church than to large one.

Washington.

Sprague.—The first Sunday in March nineteen were received into the Congregational church. One by letter and eighteen on confession of faith, making in all thirty-four who have united during the ten months of Rev. G. H. Wilbur's pastorate. The congregations are unusually large and a good interest is manifested. The Vested Choir has been an attractive addition to our church services.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

The afternoon and evening of Tuesday, March 3rd, will be remembered with peculiar interest by the First church of Los Angeles. The Recognition Council, composed of several ministers of neighboring churches, publicly approved and confirmed the choice of the First church of the Rev. Wm. Horace Day as its pastor. This phase in the movements of this church will open the pages of its future history under circumstances of peculiar interest. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Day, who has for eight years been its revered leader and beloved guide, asked to be relieved from its heavier responsibilities to a position less burdensome, but no less honorable.

To soothe the pain this request was sure to cause, he gave the church the assurance that he would remain its wise counsellor, its judicious friend, its Pastor Emeritus. Seldom has *meritus* been more nobly earned or more cordially accorded. Leaving an Eastern church, whose pastorate he had acceptably filled for eleven years, accepting a reduced salary, he and his estimable wife came, at the call of this church—to what?

A discouraged membership, a decimated congregation, a crushing debt, a building.

"Whose hollow, reverberating walls" echoed and re-echoed, until the original motion was often lost in a confusion of sound; with no organ to fill the cavernous void behind the speaker and little to hope for from the debris of a busted boom. Only this could the church offer them—a membership that had never known dissension, ready to follow unitedly the leadership of a wise pastor.

And they came! Believing they had been given to it in answer to prayer, the church has had no occasion to question its faith. From the first day of their coming they have given to this church eight years of service that has taxed health and strength to the utmost. Repeatedly have they stood in the breach when financial straits have been upon it. By generous giving and heroic persistency, they led the church to the hour when, with little courage, but with a faith born of prayer, it grap-

pled with the debt, relaxing its hold only when the flames destroyed the canceled mortgage.

The generous gift of a fine organ followed closely and remains a memorial at once of her who gave it, and of the young son who preceded her to the heavenly home. This noble gift gave a new impetus to the life and worship of the church. Then, to crown all, the pastor gave to the church his only son, who, with his wife, has so won its confidence as to insure a loving welcome to the place voluntarily left vacant by the honored and beloved Dr. and Mrs. Warren F. Day.

Recalling admiringly with what tactfulness and wisdom this has been planned and carried out, how harmoniously and effectively its work has been hastened forward under the united labors of father and son, the church regretfully resigns one to the rest he craves, while no less effectively it welcomes the rising son upon its horizon, with no misgivings as to its future.

After long waiting and severely tried patience, the church anticipates the gathering of its forces for renewed and yet more effective service in its new and well-appointed building, whose corner-stone was laid upon Hope, and whose starry banner shall be the emblem of its loyalty to God, to home and to native land.

Anna S. Averill.

Los Angeles, March 8, 1903.

A COUNCIL OF RECOGNITION.

Happy were the brethren to respond from near and far to the call of the old First church of Los Angeles for a council to recognize their pastor-elect, Rev. William Horace Day, on Tuesday, March 3rd.

President Geo. A. Gates was elected moderator and Rev. C. N. Queen, scribe. The church clerk reported the full action of the church, after which the council and a large number of visitors listened to the Christian experience of Brother Day, which was full of rich testimony of the leading of the Holy Spirit, and the evidence of what power is used of God to influence, mould and shape a human life. Father and mother in the home, teachers in academic, college, university and seminary life. The many incidents given when this and that individual life touched his, fixing his purpose, lifting him into higher hopes and inspiring him to loftier purposes: strengthening his faith on every side. In his earliest ministry he accepted whatever door opened: mission and settlement work and the small church. Thus God fitted him for the larger. He came in touch with the day toiler and saw his needs, so his heart is warm toward the masses as that of his Divine Lord.

Mr. Day read the following statement of belief:

"The creedal statements of Congregational churches I can accept.

"The statement I now make will seek to be Christocentric, will seek to state primarily the points of belief Jesus seemed to emphasize and so to consider essential. With the intelligent spirit of the time which seeks to simplify, while retaining that which is vital, I am in complete accord.

"As I read the New Testament, there are four things which our Lord held high above all other teaching. These four fill His thought, leaving but a tiny place for a host of other ideas which have grown up among Christians.

"I believe in character or the Christ-like person. I believe in the kingdom or the Christ-like society. I believe in one God, revealed to us as Jehovah, the God of the Nation, as El Shaddai, the Mighty One, who creates and rules and in the fulness of time as our

Father, perfect love and perfect reason controlling perfect will.

"I believe in Jesus' revelation of Himself as Son of Man and Son of God. I believe in the Divinity of Christ and believe the Master's own way of accounting for it exceeds in value that of the most expert of theologians. He defended His assumption of oneness with God on the ground of the divinity of man and because He was Son of Man, it was not blasphemy to call Himself Son of God.

"I believe in the work of Christ as the at-one-men of sinful men with the Father, whom they have left in the love for self. That Christ is the only sufficient Savior, because in His words and example He furnishes the only motive which among men has been found equal to the task of inspiring men toward the divine life. As in the exact result on the attitude of God in this triple transaction other than so modifying the sinner as to make him love God his Father, so that God can receive him into restored fellowship, I do not know.

"I believe in the Holy Spirit as fulfilling the promise of Christ, that He would come to comfort the Church and lead her into the way of truth. We need to have the knowledge that the Holy Spirit as the inspirer is among us now as truly as in the days of the Apostles.

"The baptismal confession of faith which Jesus commanded, that first and simplest Christian creed, belief in Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I make my own.

"I believe in the Bible as a progressive revelation of what God is and man should be and what society should become. The final test of that belief may be found personally, for every one may know it as God's book not only because some one else has found it so, but because it will inspire his own life.

"I believe in the church, not because she is without spot or blemish, not because she has never failed of her opportunity, but because it is only as Christians are bound together can they most effectively realize the rule of God in individual and society.

"I believe in Sunday as a day set apart for rest and worship, and that whatever needlessly occupies that day for other purposes is un-Christian and wrong.

"Although Jesus said but little about the nature of the future life, of the definite results of evil or of good, though He almost never appeals to heaven or hell as the motives for right living, and though men may rightly say this is not one of the essentials, I cannot see how His words or the revelation of the natural science can do otherwise than make us believe, that the outcome of the life with Christ is blessed beyond the heart of man to conceive, and the life of un-Christ-like conduct so terrible as to justify the symbolic language of the twenty-fifth of Matt."

The members of the Council seemed to feel that there was little need to take time to question Brother Day. Yet a few were asked, which drew forth a fuller statement of subjects touched upon or brought forth others. The Council most heartily said Amen.

A Council supper was served at 6:50, and the host and hostess were there. At the recognition service, 7:30, the church choir gave a selection. Rev. D. W. Bartlett offered the invocation and Rev. E. E. P. Abbott read the Scriptures. Dr. R. R. Meredith preached the sermon on "The Fatherhood of God." None will soon forget it.

Rev. Warren F. Day followed in the Prayer of Recognition.

Rev. C. P. Dorland gave the right hand of fellow-

ship, and when the charge to pastor and people was given by Dr. J. H. Williams and Rev. E. F. Goff, the Council closed its work with a benediction by the pastor.

The whole Council proceedings were refreshing. No uncertain sounds here. A strong young man abreast of the times, consecrated to God, knows who he believes, questions not God's way or His word, preaches the gospel of Christ with the certainty of a Paul. Thank God for the minister who can search the Scriptures with the aid of the most critical scholarship of the day, receive the best America's universities can give, sit in the halls of learning of a German university, and come forth to a pastorate with full faith in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world, the "only begotten of the Father."

The S. P. R. R. will make a one-third rate to the Pacific Coast Congress if fifteen delegates other than ministers go. We have asked for a half rate for all.

The Association minutes of Southern California are out, and in the hands of the churches. Get a copy and see if there are not facts you ought to know about our work. How Pomona College raised her debt. What work the Woman's Boards are doing. The new work among the Spanish-speaking people. Why our seminary moved to Berkeley, and other things worth looking for. Pastors won't you see that every house has a copy. It will help your work. F. J. C.

Notes and Personal.

In mineral wealth Montana ranks third among the States in the Union.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hubbard sailed yesterday for China, to enter once more upon their work at Pagoda Anchorage.

Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley has four volumes of the Plymouth Pulpit, sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, which he will sell at a low price. The volumes are new.

President Slocum of Colorado College will occupy the pulpit of the First church of San Francisco next Sunday morning. An effort will be made to have him as the speaker at the next Monday meeting of the ministers.

Among the able articles in the Century Magazine for March is one on "The Organization of Capital," which ought to have a wide reading. "Montgomery's Struggle for Quebec," is the fourth in the interesting series, "The Prologue of the American Revolution." The articles on "The Chicago Board of Trade," and "The Humors of Congress" are among others of special interest.

The Anti-Saloon League of Central and Northern California began this month the publication of a paper, which will be issued quarterly in the interest of the work of the League. Heretofore there has been one paper for the entire State. But the growth of the work, the increased temperance sentiment, and the outlook for a more successful work in the future have made necessary two publications. Each will bear the name, "The Searchlight." It is a name which is not peculiar to the California publications, but is in use in several other States.

Sensitiveness to criticism is a healthy symptom

if accompanied by a strong purpose and a genial temper; it keeps a man from many a "foolish notion;" it saves him from overweening conceit; but it has its limits; it must not be allowed to take the edge from generous resolves or paralyze efforts that are the fruit of prolonged study and profound conviction. The work we have been given of God to do, we must do despite our critics; but we may do it with less waste of power and to better effect by giving due heed to their suggestions.

The McKinley monument at San Jose, a picture of which we give this week, was erected in 1902 by the people of Santa Clara county on the spot where the mammoth bouquet was presented to President McKinley on the occasion of his visit to that city on the 13th of May, 1901. One of the inscriptions on the monument is an extract from the speech delivered by him at that time: "The Constitution is a sacred instrument; and a sacred trust is given to us to see to it that its preservation in all its virtue and its vigor is passed on to the generations yet to come." Another inscription is from his last speech, at Buffalo, on the 5th of September, 1901: "Let us remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

Great diversity of interest but general excellence in quality marks the March number of The Missionary Review of the World. Several articles deal with remarkably successful work in Christian lands. "Quarriers' Homes Near Glasgow," by Mr. F. B. Pierson; "Miss Macpherson's Work in the Slums of London," by Thomas Paul; "The Living Waters Missions in New York," by Mr. J. H. Richards, and the "Great Australian Revival," by Dr. W. Warren. Other very important contributions deal with work in the heathen lands. They are exceedingly interesting and informing, especially those on "Interesting Institutions in India," by C. B. Ward; "Peculiarities of African Natives," by Dr. D. C. Snyder, and "An African Tuskegee," in Zululand. If Christians would read carefully the news items in the Intelligence Department they would find themselves kept in touch with the Kingdom dom throughout the world. Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. \$2.50 a year.

At a recent council in Philadelphia the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Richards was dismissed from the pastorate of the Central Congregational church to enter upon his duties as Secretary of the Church Building Society. We quote a few lines from the findings of the council: "We eagerly avail ourselves of this opportunity to express not only our appreciation of his sterling worth, and our indebtedness to him for clearer interpretations of our denominational ideals and inspirations towards better lives, but also our gratitude for the spirit he has bequeathed to us of such devotion to our work as shall spur us on unto notable triumphs of Congregationalism in the city of Philadelphia. We congratulate the Congregational Church Building Society, and the whole denomination upon the disclosure to them of a successor to the Rev. Dr. Cobb, so unmistakably and eminently qualified for the Secretaryship as to assure general and hopeful confidence." During his pastorate in Philadelphia Dr. Richards received 589 persons into the membership of his church, and he leaves it now with an enrollment of 710. The Central is the mother of four other Congregational churches organized in Philadelphia since he began his ministry there.

W. H. M. U. OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The quarterly meeting will be held Thursday, March 19th, at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco. An afternoon session only; from one to four. An especially interesting program on "Alaska" has been arranged.

Laura T. Perkins.

REV. BELA N. SEYMOUR.

Rev. Bela N. Seymour, who held pastorates in Oroville, Camptonville, Alvarado, Centreville, Haywards, and was Superintendent of Schools in Butte and Alameda Counties from 1855 to 1872, died at the home of his son, Rev. E. P. Seymour, Interlaken, Stockbridge, February 27, 1903. Graduated from Williams '52, and Union '55. With his wife, Mount Holyoke, '55, they spent their health and strength in laying the foundation of our State in righteousness during the days of gold passion and upbuilding. He held five pastorates in New England, and spent his last sixteen years in Washington, D. C., in loving ministry as pastor, and later as trustee with the Fifth church. His eldest son is Dr. Alfred M., of Fort Washington, Penn.

Oregon Letter

By George H. Himes.

The faculty and students of Pacific University were delighted to learn recently that Prof. R. L. O. Lyman, who left there last summer for a year's advanced work at Harvard, had been winning honors. In the debate preparatory to a contest with Yale, in which there were fifty participants, he was one of three winners, and hence will be one of the team to represent Harvard. In this connection it is a matter of interest to state that all three were Western men.

Rev. Edward Curran and wife of Forest Grove are to be congratulated on the advent of a daughter in their home on the third inst.

The East Willamette Association will hold its annual meeting with the church at Butteville on the 14th inst.

Rev. Dr. House of the First church and Rev. W. C. Kanter, D.D., of the Salem church, exchanged pulpits today. Dr. Kanter gave an excellent sermon on "Christian Athletics," endeavoring to show the necessity for the proper care of the physical body as the temple of the soul.

Topics of sermons sometimes are interesting, as showing different phases of religious discussion of today. Here are a few of those presented to the Portland public today:

Baptist—"An Everlasting Gospel; "The Service of Jesus Christ." Christian Science—"Substance." Presbyterian—"The Master and the Scribe;" "The Fight of Faith." Unitarian—"What Liberal Christianity Has Done for Christianity and the World." Christian—"The Christian Conquest;" "Destruction by Construction;" "Refuge;" "Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures." Congregational—"Lessons from Gen. Gordon's Life;" "An Appropriate Epitaph." Methodist—"The Kingdom of God;" "Cave Dwellers;" "Crisis in the Life of Individuals." United Brethren—"The Brevity of Life;" "The Manner of Christ's Coming." Universalist—"The Pit of Perdition and the Bow of Hope."

The undersigned had the pleasure of meeting Rev.

Edward L. Smith of Seattle during the week past. He is busily engaged in perfecting arrangements for the forthcoming Pacific Coast Congregational Congress. The editor-in-chief of the Oregonian, Mr. Harvey W. Scott, has consented to give an address before the Congress, and that event will not be the least of the important features of the meeting. Whatever may be said of Mr. Scott's theological views, he has no quarrel with religion in its true aspect. Probably no one on this Coast, even among professors in theological seminaries, has a better or more intimate knowledge of the Bible, or keeps more closely in touch with the religious discussion of the day.

Portland, March 8, 1903.

SEEKING THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

Will the ancient Hill of Tara yield up the long lost Ark of the Covenant? This is the inquiry of a writer in the London Express.

Excavators are at work on the historic spot in County Meath in the hope of finding some trace of the sacred Jewish object, and a correspondent now offers a possible explanation of how the ark may have reached Irish soil.

The Bible relates that when Nebuchadnezzar carried off to Babylon the better classes of the people of Judah, he gave orders that the prophet Jeremiah should have full liberty to do as he liked.

After the insurrection in which Gedaliah; who had been made governor by Nebuchadnezzar, was slain, the chief men decided that it was dangerous to remain in Judah and face the anger of the King of Babylon. Therefore, they left for Egypt, carrying with them the king's daughters and Jeremiah.

It is considered almost certain that Jeremiah, belonging as he did to the priestly order, would take with him such Israelitish objects as Nebuchadnezzar had left in Judah as being of no value. These would include the stone on which Jacob laid his head at Bethel, the pot of manna, Aaron's rod and the two tables of stone upon which the commandments were engraved, which were in the ark.

During their stay in Egypt these refugees fell into idolatry, causing great pain and annoyance to Jeremiah. So much indeed was this the case that it is believed that he quitted the country with Baruch and others to seek a final refuge in one of the colonies of the Israelitish tribe of Dan (Denmark).

This theory is supported by the last verse of the forty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah.

Jeremiah would still doubtless carry with him the religious relics, and Irish tradition has it that among his companions was one at least of the King of Judah's daughters.

The vessel carrying the refugees was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and the youthful king of that part fell in love with the king's daughter, who was given him in marriage by Jeremiah upon his promising to establish a college at Tara and promote learning and religion.

This the king promised to do, and tradition says that upon the death of his wife he raised a noble cairn (the famous Hill of Tara) over her remains, and buried in it the ark and some of the relics.

Jacob's stone later on passed to Argyleshire, and thence to Scone, whence it was brought by Edward I of England to Westminster Abbey, and now rests in the coronation chair.

Boys and Girls.

The Dog That Went to School.

Nero was a large Newfoundland dog. He belonged to a boy who lived in a small village in Maine.

Nero was very fond of his young master. When the spring term of school began, Nero always went with Gilbert to the schoolhouse door. He would then lie down on the steps or on the grass in the yard and wait patiently for school to close at noon. He was nice and good-natured, and when the children came out to play at recess, he would get up and join in their frolics, and he seemed to enjoy it all as much as any of them.

It was very pleasant to lie and sleep out in the soft grass in the shade of the apple trees through the spring and even through the first weeks of autumn. But when chilly winds began to blow and the frost had withered the leaves, Nero found it rather cold work to wait at the schoolhouse hour after hour.

He bore it quite well, however, until there came a blustering day, when the snow fell steadily. That day, about ten o'clock, Nero pushed open the entry door, which was slightly ajar, walked in and scratched gently at the inner door. The teacher heard the sound and opened the door to see what made it. Nero wagged his tail, shivering and gave a pleading whine, as if he would like to say, "Please let me come in and get warm."

"Yes, you may, if you will be a good dog," the teacher answered.

Nero walked in past her and lay down near the big stove, giving a deep sigh of content.

After that day Nero always came in with the scholars when the bell rang and took his place by the stove in a serious and dignified manner, that might well have been copied by many of the pupils.

One morning in April, as Nero lay sunning himself on the piazza, he noticed the school children passing with their books and slates. He sprang up, ran into the house, sniffing and whining at Gilbert's coat and cap, that still hung in the hall.

Then, as if he had a sudden wild idea that he might possibly find Gilbert at the school house, he bounded off down the street as fast as he could.

The same teacher was again teaching there and she warmly welcomed Nero when he scratched as usual at the door. He came in and at once settled down quietly in his old place, after casting a glance around at the children's faces in vain.

Nero had, it seemed, made up his mind to be a regular attendant at school. He came every day, rain or shine. He soon knew the meaning of the bells and when the children rose to march out at recess,

he, too, was up in a moment and stood waving his plummy tail until the last one had passed out. Then he rushed out after them, much like any fun-loving schoolboy.

Nero was never known to make any noise in school excepting once. That was the time when some cattle broke through the fence into the school-yard. Nero saw them through the window and sprang up, barking furiously. He would have broken the big panes of glass in his hurry to get at them, if the teacher had not quickly opened the window, when Nero jumped out. He soon drove the cattle away into their own pasture and came back with an air of pride in having done his duty.

For years Nero came to school. He never missed a day until he grew too old and feeble; and even when his poor old legs refused to carry him beyond the piazza, he would lie there and wistfully gaze after the children as they passed.

The boys and girls of that school have never forgotten their good and noble schoolmate. They often speak of Nero, "the dog that went to school."—Annie Lewis Pinfeld, in "Little Folks."

Peter Cartwright at a Dance.

For further advice on this subject, we give below a well-authenticated incident in the ministerial life of the renowned Peter Cartwright:

"On one occasion he had stopped at a country tavern where a dance was being held. He sat in a corner alone, pondering over the sins of the dancers, when one of them, a beautiful young lady, approached him and asked him to dance. It was a polite attention to a stranger, which the entire company seemed to approve. He consented, and, leading her to the center of the room, motioned to the negro fiddler to stop playing.

"When quiet was obtained he announced that he never did anything of importance without first asking God's blessing upon it, and, drawing the young lady with him, he fell upon his knees, shouting, 'Let us pray.'

"The people present were astonished. Some of them followed his example and knelt, others fled, and others stood in amazement. Soon his great voice in prayer and exhortation produced its effect, and the entire community fell, begging for mercy. The hall was turned into a religious meeting, and many were properly converted. Uncle Peter organized them into a society, and made an appointment to preach to them a few days later, and then went on his way rejoicing, singing one of his good old Methodist hymns."

We heartily approve of preachers' attending dances on the Peter Cartwright style.—Religious Telescope.

Coming Home at Four.

"Now, off to school, Sarah!" said Mrs. Watts, looking at the tall clock. "Miss Patty wants you to come early."

Little Sarah was playing with the kittens. She could not decide which kitten was prettiest, and she wished it was not time to go. But her mother tied her sun-bonnet and put her primer in her hand.

"May I come home at four?" asked little Sarah.

She had heard a girl say to Miss Patty, "Mother told me to come home at four." Then, when the hour-hand was at four, Miss Patty remembered and said:

"Jane Harris, it is four. You may go home now."

But Sarah had never gone at four. She always went with the other children half an hour later, when school was out. So her mother was surprised, but she said:

"Yes, you may come at four."

Sarah walked down the road with a feeling of importance. Her home was just out of sight from Miss Patty's, because the Harris barn and a tree stood between. There were no houses on the way, because the town was not much built up, but several children lived beyond Sarah, so she came and went when they did. She joined them now and said:

"I'm going home at four!"

Passing the Harris lots and orchard, they reached the lane at the foot of Miss Patty's yard just as a flock of geese left it, going to the brook.

"I'm glad we didn't meet them," said Jane Harris; "I'm afraid of geese."

The gander stopped and looked around at them. He had a very long neck, and he hissed.

Then the little girls ran, and got to school before Miss Patty rang the bell.

"Miss Patty," said Sarah, eagerly, "my mother says I may come home at four!"

"Very well, Sarah," said Miss Patty. "I will remind you."

It was a pleasant afternoon in school. Sarah was bright and read nicely in her primer, and worked the letter S on her sampler. She was just going to sit by her friend, Ann Beebe, when Miss Patty looked at the clock and said, "It is four, Sarah; you may go home."

Sarah held herself straight and looked composed as she walked out of the room. She knew that all the children turned their heads to look at her.

She carried her primer, and taking her sun-bonnet from the nail, tied it on herself.

Then she stepped into the yard. Not a person was in sight along the road. Sarah had never seen it deserted before.

She walked slowly down the yard, and said to herself: "I wish I could see my father somewhere."

The road looked very long; she had never seen it look so long before.

She reached the foot of the yard and saw a big dog sauntering along, so she waited for him to go by. In one of the fields two cows pastured, and they both had their heads over the bars, looking into the road.

"I believe they mean to jump over!" thought Sarah.

Slowly she moved to cross the lane, when a new danger arose. The geese were coming home. The gander had seen her, and hurrying ahead of his flock, he flapped his great white wings and hissed. "Away with this creature in a sunbonnet and check apron!" he seemed to say.

Sarah turned and ran back, clasping her primer, and never once stopping till she reached Miss Patty's door. There she sat down on the upper step, close to the cinnamon rose-bush, and listened to the hum of voices in the schoolroom. She felt that school was very pleasant after all.

"That's Ann spelling," she said, as one voice rose shrilly.

"Now that is Jane reading," she said, after the shuffling of feet told her the other class had come out.

She did not go into the room; she could not meet Miss Patty's eyes.

She sat there, stock-still, till school closed and the happy throng of children poured out at the door. Then she went home as usual between Ann Beebe and Jane Harris, and did not mind when Ann said, "You're a little goose!" But she did not ask to be dismissed again.—M. L. B. Branch, in "Youth's Companion."

Our President.

"I imagine your toast referred more especially to our actual President, our young, gallant, able, brilliant President Roosevelt. I am glad to be called on to say in his absence what few men would be hardy enough to say to his face—for, like all men of high courage and manliness, he is inhospitable to flattery. In the great roll of our Presidents—all of them men of mark, of lofty character and ideals, not one name among them smirched by the slightest stain of corruption or wrongdoing, all of them showing to the world clean hands and high aims—he holds now, he will hold forever, a distinguished place. A great German has said: 'A talent is formed in the solitudes, a character in the torrent of the world.'"

"Our President has had the advantage of both these environments. From the cloistered life of American college boys, sheltered from the ruder currents of the world by the ramparts of wealth and gentle nature, he passed, still very young, to the wild and free existence of the plains and the hills. In the silence of those vast solitudes men grow to full stature when

the original stuff is good. He came back to the East bringing with him, as Tennyson sang, 'The wrestling thews that throw the world.' His career since then has been singularly varied. He has gone rapidly forward and upward because that was the law of his being. He does not disdain the garlands of fame, but he finds his highest enjoyment in grasping the tools that fit his hands. He has the high ideal of public work set forth by the greatest teacher and ruler that ever lived—"Who-soever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

"It does not distinguish an American President to be honest, nor to be brave, nor to be intelligent, nor to be patriotic. They have all been all of these; these qualities are postulates of the position. But the Nation is to be congratulated when all these desirable attributes are heightened and tinged with that ineffable light which, for want of a more descriptive term, we call genius. It is this which makes honesty a scorching flame against fraud or corruption; which makes courage an inspiration to others in battle or in council; which raised intelligence to the quick flash of intuition, and patriotism to a religious fervor of consecration. And it is this which makes President Roosevelt the man and President he is."—A speech of Secretary John Hay.

Victory.

BY DR. F. A. SEYMOUR.

The class was a circle of bright-eyed boys, whose ages would average eight years. The teacher was a substitute who had never before met them.

The lesson was about Abram and Lot, at the parting of the ways. It had been carefully prepared, but how should it be presented? Should the ugliness of selfishness, or the beauty of unselfishness be the theme? Inclination, and a brief study of the faces of the group led to choice of the latter.

It was Missionary Day, which incidentally furnished an additional application. But in this particular instance, it was not the usual interpretation of the second great commandment. Time-honored custom required that on every first Sunday in the month a representative of each of the more than fifty classes in the school be entrusted with an envelope containing the class contribution, the procession at the lesson's close marching to the platform of the general superintendent, and depositing it in the missionary chest.

The lesson had proceeded well along without incident, when a secretary passed the regulation envelope toward the teacher. To his left sat Delma, aged nine—a solid, sturdy boy, well posted on the facts under consideration. To his left sat Francis, aged eight—a slender, delicate fellow,

who had evidently caught the main points.

As the envelope approached the teacher, two hands, other than his, as under the impulse of an electric current, snatched for it. And that is where the application came in.

Delma was the nearer, and his chubby fist secured the prize. The teacher, for the time, chose not to be reckoned with, but during the five golden minutes remaining, under inspiration of the interruption, found strange new beauties in the theme.

The battle was on. The boys were polite, evidently seeking to avoid disturbing the lesson.

Delma was stubborn, Francis pleading.

To a casual observer the contest might have been supposed in full view. Careful study of Delma's countenance showed that the surface conflict was won, but that the real battle, out of sight, still raged, and its result was far from decided. Motionless, yet muscularly tense, hands clenched, lips firmly closed, the beautiful hazel eyes looking far out into space, seemingly unconscious of external things, the combination was an unmistakable index.

So far as the further teaching was concerned, all personal allusions were avoided; but the beauty of unselfishness seemed to expand as an opening flower.

One minute, two minutes, and no change. Three minutes, and with the suddenness of the onset, Delma thrust the envelope into Francis' hand, and with a deep inspiration and a look of triumph, relaxed into his former self. Yet, not quite so, for he seemed to have grown.

The expression on Francis' face, as he eagerly grasped the envelope, indicated a consciousness of the superiority of persistent weakness over even sturdy strength. But it lasted only a moment. As his liquid blue eyes caught a glimpse of Delma's there was an instant recognition of the unsuspected truth; and the fixed features and the faraway look indicated the beginning of another battle. It was short, sharp, and decisive.

The slender frame quivered just a little, and in less than half a minute, with beaming face, the envelope was pressed upon Delma.

But the coveted treasure was now no attraction to either. Each had obtained something infinitely better.

It was a glorious victory.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Principle at Stake.

"I 'ear as you 'a a fight with Bob Smith."

"Yes."

"What was it all about?"

"Well, 'e said as my sister was cross-eyed."

"Why, you 'aven't got a sister."

"No; but it was the principle of the thing I went for."

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BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

The greatest manifestation of love—the greatest thing in the world—was at the Cross. While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Some see only administrative equities, spiritual legal-tender, confirmation of their theories. There is enough of this in the hymn. But let us see Love—divine, free, personal,

"Wide as infinity,

So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me." (433)

That is Christ's view of it. He loved the Church, and gave Himself up for it. Eph. 5:25.

The refrain of the last line was often on the lips of Ignatius, the martyr. No wonder he could die courageously.

The heart will help the memory to retain this hymn.

TRANSCENDENT LOVE.

O love divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and Peace!
Come, sinners, see your Savior die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God.
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;

Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

—Charles Wesley.

(This hymn published in 1742.)

Have Faith in God.

In the passage, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," three notable words are to be found which sum up the whole Christian life. "The world," our great antagonist, typifying the spirit of opposition to all that is Christlike. "The Victory," setting forth that triumph which Christ is to give us and which we for Him are to win in and over "the world." "Our Faith," the means whereby we lay hold upon omnipotence, making us sharers in and doers of those greater works which Christ said should be accomplished by His disciples. Truly received, faith in God means the destruction of all false objects of worship. The progress of the gospel is marked by the burning of the books of magic at Ephesus in the first century and by the demolition and burning of the idols of stone and wood in the twentieth century. Have faith in God because God is God. There is no higher reason. Trust Him because He is all wise. That which we are unable to understand is an open book to Him. Rest in Him because He is omnipotent. Each day with its manifold miracles of divine grace sings joyously the carol, "He Is Able, He Is Able." We try and accomplish not. We labor and it is in vain. "We agonize, but our agonizing but wastes the strength we boasted in. We ask, "What can I do," and the silence is unbroken. Faith says, "Since then I can do nothing; I'll trust Him who can do all things. Since I in darkness grope, I'll trust Him who dwells in light, and who is light. Since I fail, I'll put my trust in Him who out of my ignominious defeat can bring glorious victory. Faith in God is intimately connected with the promises of God. What they are, they are because of what He is. So faith in the promiser means faith in the promises. Through all ages God has awakened, stimulated and strengthened faith in his word and promises by revealing Himself to his people. He makes Himself known to us in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus knowing God we believe that which He has said. God is thus the source and object of faith. Since faith comes from knowing Him, let us seek to know God. Let us get acquainted with Him for out of that acquaintance will flow peace and life and power.—H. E. Milnes.

Love is a Master Word.

But there is a greater word yet in the Christian vocabulary—"the greatest of these is love." One of the greatest American psychologists had met his class for the first time in one of our great universities. They were prepared on a text book and expectant. He began by saying "Mr. A., please tell us what is the human soul?" "The soul is that power of man with which he thinks feels and decides," came the answer. B. added to the definition by saying, "The soul was immaterial." Then the Professor asked the next man "Will you tell us what it is not?" The answer was, "I do not know." "No more do I," said the Professor. That was the new Professor's introduction, and his was one of the master minds of the last generation. Had he been asked to define love, no more could his analytic mind have framed an answer in words. What love does; what it is not; how divine is its ministry—all that we know. But no microscope can penetrate its secret; no telescope can reach its far-off horizons; no scales can weigh it, and it has been seen on no dissecting table. But we all know that it is.

Art has one only theme. In the great gallery now and then we may come on strength frozen in bronze, or purity chiseled in marble, or sometimes hate drawn with burning face in colors of blood, but for the most part we see pictured there a tenderer passion. The masterpieces before which the floor is all worn through by the feet of many pilgrims portray the love-lit face and the heart that weeps and dares. And in the homes of the peoples where men hang their treasures on the walls we see Madonnas and Magdalenes weeping and babes and saints and heroes who have emptied themselves of all things for love. Art is a story of love.—N. McGee Waters.

Untaught of the Spirit.

It is told of one who is in some way the greatest of the mystics, Nicholas of Basle, that he went one day to hear a famous preacher, Tauler, in Strasburg. He had the experience of many simple believers listening to clever literary sermons. They perceive that the preacher, though well meaning and well educated, is untaught of the Spirit. Tauler spent two years in seeking the light, and suddenly, when he was near dying, a voice spoke peace to him. When he went back to the pulpit he could not speak for weeping, and men fainted and lay as dead under his sermons. To the end of his life this wonderful influence went with him. There is still the mystical way to God through Christ, and those who tread it Christ calls no more servants, but friends.—British Weekly.

THE AX of toughest steel becomes dulled by constant use and must have a new edge if it is to do good work. Constant work dulls a man as it does an ax, makes him sluggish of body and dull of mind. He needs a tonic, something that will restore the keenness of mind and activity of body.

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Don't Be Afraid to Work.

One thing that keeps young men down is their fear of work. They aim to find genteel occupations, so they can dress well and not soil their clothes, and handle things with the tips of their fingers. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel, and they prefer to give orders or figure as masters, and let some one else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success.

When we see a boy, who has just secured a position, take hold of everything with both hands and "jump right into his work," as if he meant to succeed, we have confidence that he will prosper. But if he stands around and asks questions when told to do anything; if he tells you that this or that belongs to some other boy to do, for it is not his work; if he does not

try to carry out his orders in the correct way; if he wants a thousand explanations when asked to run an errand, and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself—one feels like discharging such a boy on the spot, for he is convinced that he was not cut out for success. That boy will be cursed with mediocrity, or will be a failure.—Success.

The Weights.

A hunter in the Alleghenies one day shot a large bald eagle. The bird measured seven feet, two inches across the wings. When the sportsman went to examine his prize, he was astonished to find one of the eagle's claws held firmly in a powerful steel trap, to which was attached a steel chain five feet long. Trap and chain had many marks of vicious blows from the eagle's bill, showing how he had vainly endeavored to free himself from them. While they had not been heavy enough to prevent his flying, the hunter believed that they so impeded and wearied him as to be the cause of bringing the great bird within the reach of his rifle. Many a fine man with brain and imagination and heart capable of high, soaring flight has been brought within reach of the enemys gun by some trap of vicious appetite or passion that has held him down from his place among the stars.

The popular reverence for the Bible is also strong, and it extends to every copy of the printed Book, and includes even those who reject the supernatural authority of Scripture. At least so far as the exhibition of outward and formal respect is concerned, they are all of one mind. The various Bible societies are careful to put copies

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of the Scriptures in the reading-rooms and bedrooms of hotels and upon all ships and steamers. It cannot be said that those volumes give evidences of having been extensively read, but they are never defaced. The most flippant treat the Holy Bible with instructive and distinctive respect.—New York Sun.

Vigilance in watching opportunity, tact and daring in seizing opportunity, force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which command success.—Phelps.

Folks that can't see nothin' in this world but the one sugar plum they ain't able to git, had better git out of it.—Mary Wilkins.

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The Tired Foot.

A lady as watching a potter at work, whose one foot was kept with a "never-slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in a sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said, "No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands! That's it."

If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to give a helping hand to any new undertaking is the man who has a plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing most who are always willing to do a little more.

All evil things are easily commenced. Sin has a right of way in this world which is patent to all. Gravitation is all on the side of downwardness. It is easy to be bad—it is whittling along the grain, cutting along the line of cleavage; it is pushing a thing that's already going down hill. Virgil expressed it centuries ago, "Descensus Averni facile est, sed revocare, hic labor, hic opus est." Anything easily commenced has a presumption against it by the fact of its easiness. That is true on all levels of life, the lowliest and the loftiest. Whatever is easy for the lower self is hard for the higher, and vice versa. There are two men in each of us—Jekyll and Hyde, the better and the worse, and they are bound to fight. Whatever pleases one disgusts the other. In either case there will be antagonism. Hardship for the lower means liberty for the nobler man. The choice each has to make is whether he will do the things that are easiest to the worst self or to the best self.—Exchange.

Love is not a department of life; it is life itself. We are not merely to show love to certain people or at certain times; love must be the constant motive actuating us always. When it is easy and when it is hard; when it will be praised and when it will be misunderstood and censured; when it will appear Christly and when it will appear cowardly—always we are to love without faltering or failing. Love is the only law for the royal life.—Well-spring.

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